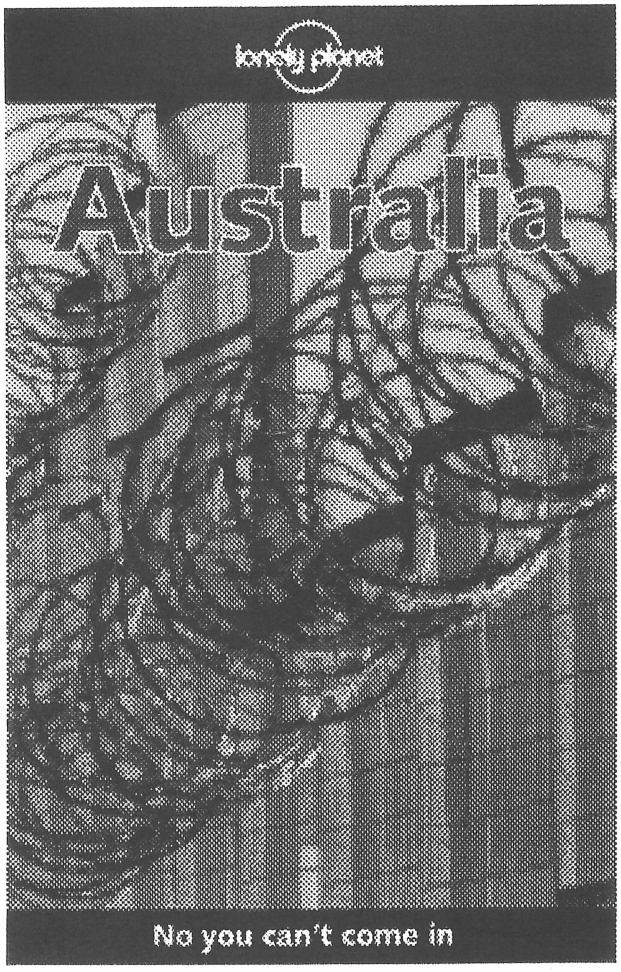
CAPITALIST CASUALTY

Anti-Copyright

Volume One. Number 2. March 2002



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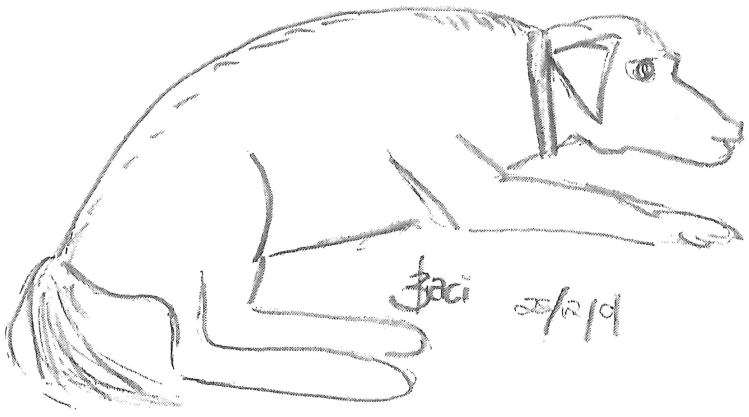
West Papuans are being brutally tortured and murdered by the occupying Forces of the Indonesian military !
Australians for a Free West Papua

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING: *Contains Critical Thinking* MAY CAUSE UNREST .

Economics 101

Traditional Capitalism:

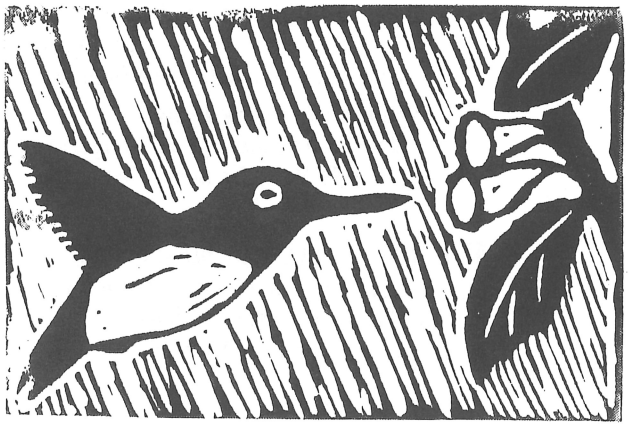


You have two cows.
You sell one and buy a bull.
Your herd multiplies, and the economy grows.
You sell them and retire on the income.

Enron Venture Capitalism:

You have two cows.
You sell three of them to your publicly listed company, using letters of credit opened by your brother-in-law at the bank, then execute a debt/equity swap with an associated general offer so that you get all four cows back, with a tax exemption for five cows.
The milk rights of the six cows are transferred via an intermediary to a Cayman Island company secretly owned by the majority shareholder who sells the rights to all seven cows back to your listed company.
The annual report says the company owns eight cows, with an option on one more.
You sell one cow to buy a new president of the United States from Texas, leaving you with nine cows.
No balance sheet is provided with the release of the annual report

The public buys your bull and you use a small portion of your profits to buy Congress's support for deregulating all transactions involving cows.



The Right Man for the Job

To: Head of Department

Subj: Bob Smith's Appraisal and Recommendation

1 Bob Smith, my assistant programmer, can always be found
2 hard at work at his desk. He works independently, without
3 wasting company time talking to colleagues. Bob never
4 thinks twice about assisting fellow employees, and always
5 finishes given assignments on time. Often he takes extended
6 measures to complete his work, sometimes skipping coffee
7 breaks. Bob is a dedicated individual who has absolutely no
8 vanity in spite of his high accomplishments and profound
9 knowledge in his field. I firmly believe that Bob can be
10 classed as an asset employee, the type which cannot be
11 dispensed with. Consequently, I duly recommend that Bob be
12 promoted to executive management, and a proposal will be
13 executed as soon as possible.

Addendum:
That idiot was standing over my shoulder while I wrote the report sent to you earlier today.

Kindly re-read only the odd numbered lines.

The War Prayer

Dictated by Mark Twain [Samuel Clemens] in 1904 in advance of his death in 1910.

During his writing career, he had criticized perhaps every type of person or institution either living or dead. But this piece was just a little too hot for his family to tolerate. Since they believed the short narrative would be regarded as sacrilege, they urged him not to publish it. However, Sam was to have the last word, and even the word after that. Having directed it to be published after his death, he said, "I have told the truth in that... and only dead men can tell the truth in this world."

- - William H. Huff

The War Prayer
by Mark Twain

It was a time of great exulting and excitement. The country was up in arms, the war was on, in every breast burned the holy fire of patriotism; the drums were beating, the bands playing, the toy pistols popping, the bunched firecrackers hissing and sputtering; on every hand and far down the receding and fading spread of roofs and balconies a fluttering wilderness of flags flashed in the sun; daily the young volunteers marched down the wide avenue gay and fine in their new uniforms, the proud fathers and mothers and sisters and sweethearts cheering them with voices choked with happy emotion as they swung by; nightly the packed mass meetings listened, panting, to patriot oratory which stirred the deepest depths of their hearts, and which they interrupted at briefest intervals with cyclones of applause, the tears running down their cheeks the while; in the churches the pastors preached devotion to flag and country, and invoked the God of Battles, beseeching His aid in our good cause in outpourings of fervid eloquence which moved every listener.
It was indeed a glad and gracious time, and the half dozen rash spirits that ventured to disapprove of the war and cast doubt upon its righteousness straight way got such a stern and angry warning that for their personal safety's sake they quickly shrank out of sight and offended no more in that way.

Sunday morning came - next day the battalions would leave for the front; the church was filled; the volunteers were there, their young faces alight with martial dreams - visions of the stern advance, the gathering momentum, the rushing charge, the flashing sabers, the flight of the foe, the tumult, the enveloping smoke, the fierce pursuit, the surrender! - then home from the war, bronzed heroes, welcomed, adored, submerged in golden seas of glory!
With the volunteers sat their dear ones, proud, happy, and envied by the neighbors and friends who had no sons and brothers to send forth to the field of honor, there to win for the flag, or failing, die the noblest of noble deaths. The service proceeded; a war chapter from the Old Testament was read; the first prayer was said; it was followed by an organ burst that shook the building, and with one impulse the house rose, with glowing eyes and beating hearts, and poured out that tremendous invocation:

"God the all-terrible! Thou who ordainest, Thunder thy clarion and lightning thy sword!"

Then came the "long" prayer. None could remember the like of it for passionate pleading and moving and beautiful language. The burden of its supplication was, that an ever-merciful and benignant Father of us all would watch over our noble young soldiers, and aid, comfort, and encourage them in their patriotic work; bless them, shield them in the day of battle and the hour of peril, bear them in His mighty hand, make them strong and confident, invincible in the bloody onset; help them to crush the foe, grant to them and to their flag and country imperishable honor and glory - An aged stranger entered and moved with slow and noiseless step up the main aisle, his eyes fixed upon the minister, his long body clothed in a robe that reached to his feet, his head bare, his white hair descending in a frothy cataract to his shoulders, his seamy face unnaturally pale, pale even to ghastliness.

With all eyes following and wondering, he made his silent way; without pausing, he ascended to the preacher's side and stood there, waiting. With shut lids the preacher, unconscious of his presence, continued his moving prayer, and at last finished it with the words, uttered in fervent appeal, "Bless our arms, grant us victory, O Lord our God, Father and Protector of our land and flag!"

The stranger touched his arm, motioned him to step aside - which the startled minister did - and took his place. During some moments he surveyed the spellbound audience with solemn eyes, in which burned an uncanny light; then in a deep voice he said:

"I come from the Throne - bearing a message from Almighty God!"

The words smote the house with a shock; if the stranger perceived it he gave no attention.
"He has heard the prayer of His servant your shepherd, and will grant it if such be your desire after I, His messenger, shall have explained to you its import - that is to say, its full import. For it is like unto many of the prayers of men, in that it asks for more than he who utters it is aware of - except he pause and think.

"God's servant and yours has prayed his prayer. Has he paused and taken thought? Is it one prayer? No, it is two - one uttered, the other not. Both have reached the ear of Him Who heareth all supplications, the spoken and the unspoken. Ponder this - keep it in mind. If you would beseech a blessing upon yourself, beware! lest without intent you invoke a curse upon a neighbor at the same time. If you pray for the blessing of rain upon your crop which needs it, by that act you are possibly praying for a curse upon some neighbor's crop which may not need rain and can be injured by it.

"You have heard your servant's prayer - the uttered part of it. I am commissioned of God to put into words the other part of it - that part which the pastor - and also you in your hearts - fervently prayed silently. And ignorantly and unthinkingly? God grant that it was so! You heard these words: 'Grant us victory, O Lord our God!' That is sufficient. The whole of the uttered prayer is compact into those pregnant words. Elaborations were not necessary. When you have prayed for victory you have prayed for many unmentioned results which follow victory - must follow it, cannot help but follow it. Upon the listening spirit of God the Father fell also the unspoken part of the prayer. He commandeth me to put it into words. Listen!

"O Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go forth to battle - be Thou near them! With them - in spirit - we also go forth from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe.
O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with hurricanes of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sports of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it -
for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him Who is the Source of Love, and Who is the everfaithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen."

[After a pause.] "Ye have prayed it; if ye still desire it, speak! The messenger of the Most High waits."

It was believed afterward that the man was a lunatic, because there was no sense in what he said.

LETTUCE TO THE EDITOR

I have published a biography of the Australian poet and anarchist philospher, Harry Hooton (1908-1961), on the Radical Tradition website.
http://www.takver.com/history/index.htm
Material published includes: an introductory biography; two of his philosophical pieces, 'Anarcho-technocracy' and 'The Politics of Things'; and a letter to the IWW paper, Industrial Worker, on two significant Australian wobblies - Monty Miller and Angela Westbrook.

There is much still to discover about Hooton. He corresponded widely around the world after the second world war, particularly in avante guarde literature and poetry circles. If any one comes across any references, letters or other material, I would appreciate hearing from you to pass the information to Hooton's biographer, Sasha Soldatow.

with solidarity
Takver
Takver's Initiatives - http://www.takver.com
Radical Tradition, an Australasian History Page
Visit Anarres Books - http://www.anarres.org.au

Bed time stories

John Tomlinson

In Turkey hunger strikers are dying
to draw the world's attention to the inhuman treatment of prisoners.
In Genoa police kill an anti-global protester.
In China the authorities step up the rate of executions to show the rest of world they are fit to run the Olympics.
The US inflicts the death penalty on people with an intellectual disability.
Amerika refuses to sign treaties controlling green house gases and on outlawing bacterial weapons.
At the Whaling Commission Japan buys the right to keep killing thousands of whales.
In Sudan the bombing of civilians continues.
In Sri Lanka the bombing of civilians continues.
In Ache the killing of civilians continues.
And in the Middle East the Israel Army fires five missiles into the car of a Hamas leader.
They continue to shoot rock throwing students and bulldoze Arab houses.
The government says it does this in order to establish their commitment to peace.
In West Papua the Indonesian Army wipes out another village for raising the Morning Star flag.
Six million people were made homeless by floods in India and Pakistan.
Throughout the world one thousand million people are on the brink of starvation.
In my country the Chief Minster of the Northern Territory was found guilty of being in contempt of court. Yet he is running a law and order election campaign jailing homeless Aborigines for sleeping in parks.
That's enough good news for one day. Now go to sleep and if you are very, very good tomorrow night I will tell you about how hard the world's 500 billionaires are finding it to make ends meet.

WORK XMAS PARTY

Subject: Party
December 1st
TO: ALL EMPLOYEES

I'm happy to inform you that the company Christmas Party will take place on December 23rd at Luigi's Open Pit barbecue. There will be lots of spiked eggnog and a small band playing traditional carols ... feel free to sing along. And don't be surprised if our CEO shows up dressed as Santa Claus to light the Christmas tree! Exchange of gifts among employees can be done at that time; however, no gift should be over $10.
Merry Christmas to you and your family.
Patty Lewis Human Resources Director

December 2nd
TO: ALL EMPLOYEES
In no way was yesterday's memo intended to exclude our Jewish employees. We recognize that Hanukkah is an important holiday that often coincides with Christmas (though unfortunately not this year). However, from now on we're calling it our "Holiday Party." The same policy applies to employees who are celebrating Kwanzaa at this time. We'll just return the damn Christmas tree and no Christmas carols will be sung,
Ok?
Happy Holidays to you and your family.
Patty Lewis Human Resources Director

December 3rd
TO: ALL EMPLOYEES
Regarding the anonymous note I received from a member of Alcoholics Anonymous requesting a non-drinking table, I'm happy to accommodate this request, but, for cripe's sake don't forget, if I put a sign on the table that reads, "A Only," you won't be anonymous anymore. Du-uh.....In addition, forget about the gifts exchange - - no gifts will be allowed since the union members feel that $10 is too much money.
Tightwads.
Patty Lewis
Human Researchers Director

December 7th
TO: ALL EMPLOYEES
Uuughhh.... I've arranged for members of Overeaters

Anonymous to sit farthest from the goddamn dessert buffet and pregnant women closest to the restrooms. Gays are allowed to sit with each other. Lesbians do not have to sit with the gay men; each will have their own prissy table. Yes, there will be a flower arrangement for the gay men's table. Happy now mutherfuckers?
Patty Lewis
Human Racehorses Director

December 9th
TO: ALL EMPLOYEES
People, people-nothing sinister was intended by wanting our CEO to play a fucking Santa Claus! Even if the anagram of "Santa" does happen to be "Satan," there is no evil connotation to our own "little man in a red suit." Get over it, you asswipes!
Patty Lewis
Human Ratraces

December 10th
TO: ALL EMPLOYEES
Vegetarians-I've had it with you fucking people!! We're going to hold this mutherfucking party at Luigi's Open Pit whether you like it or not!!! And you can just sit at the table farthest from the "grill of death," as you put it, and you'll get your goddamn salad bar only, including hydroponic goddamn cockadoodie tomatoes. But, you know, tomatoes have feelings, too, you dipshits! They scream when you fuckin slice them! I've heard them scream! I'm hearing them right now!!!! HAHAHa! I hope you all have a rotten fuck fuck holiday! Drive drunk and die, you hear me mutherfuckers?!!!!!
GAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
The Bitch from Hell

December 14th
TO: ALL EMPLOYEES
I'm sure I speak for all of us in wishing Patty Lewis a speedy recovery from her stress-related illness. I'll continue to forward your cards to her at the sanitarium. In the meantime, management has decided to cancel our Holiday Party and give everyone the afternoon of the 23rd off with full pay.
Terri Bishop
Acting Human Resources Director

FASCISM ? WHAT It Is ?

" The Nazi State, a dictatorship of monopoly capitalism. Its 'fascism' is that of business enterprise organized on a monopoly basis, and in full command of all the military, police, legal and propaganda power of the state."

"Hitler was pushed to the top, without support of a majority of the people, by a coalition of the heavy industry leaders and Junker militarists."
Richard Sasuly - IG Farben

" Fascism should more appropriately be called Corporatism because it is a merger of State and corporate power."
Benito Mussolini (1883-1945),
Fascist Dictator of Italy

" The liberty of a democracy is not safe if the people tolerate the growth of private power to the point where it becomes stronger than the democratic state itself. That in its essence is fascism - ownership of government by an individual, by a group or any controlling private power. "
President Franklin Delano Roosevelt - on the threat to democracy by corporate power

"The tycoons were linked by an ideology: the ideology of Business as Usual. Bound by identical reactionary ideas, the members sought a common future in fascist domination regardless of which world leader might further that ambition."
Charles Higham, Trading with the Enemy, 1983, pxiv
The Splendid Blond Beast -, Christopher Simpson

"A number of financial and industrial figures of World War II and several members of the government served the cause of money before the cause of patriotism. While aiding the United States' war effort, they also aided Nazi Germany's."
Charles Higham, Trading with the Enemy, 1983, pxiii

"Several of the greatest American corporate leaders were in league with Nazi corporations before and after Pearl Harbor, including I.G. Farben, the colossal Nazi industrial trust that created Auschwitz."
Charles Higham, Trading with the Enemy, 1983

"We stand for the maintenance of private property... We shall protect free enterprise as the most expedient, or rather the sole possible economic order." Adolph Hitler.
Italians, who invented the term fascism, also called it the estato corporativo: the corporatist state.

Orwell rightly described fascism as being an extension of capitalism. It is an economy in which the government serves the interests of oligopolies, a state in which large corporations have the powers that in a democracy devolve to the citizen.

Lyttelton, describing the rise of Italian fascism in The Seizure of Power, writes:
"*fascism can be viewed as a product of the transition from the market capitalism of the independent producer, to the organized capitalism of the oligopoly.*"

The real rationale behind the Cold War was to hide the leading role of major international corporations in World War 2. It amazes me that 27 of the top 100 American corporations [300 US companies in total] were complicit in setting up Hitler's Germany -who deliberately planned and profiteered from a world war – yet almost nothing was said or done about this post-war! Only over the past few years has the role of thousands of leading household name corporations been associated Nazism, Italian and Japanese fascism. Yet without the guidance and direction of these business's and their biggest investors, World War 2 could not have happened.

Rising Sun Hotel

I was having a few quiet beers after work in the public bar of The Rising Sun hotel in West Footscray the other night, when lo and behold, Jean Baudrillard, Luce Irigaray, Paul Virilio and the ghosts of Felix Guattari and Gilles Deleuze stunbled in off the street.

You could have heard a pin drop when this motley crew of French intellectuals invaded the inner sanctum of the pub, animated conversations about football, work and post structuralism stopped abruptly, even the pokies and the Stud testing machine seemed to cease their electronic din.

Intellectual smarty pants from Fitzroy and St Kilda frequently deride Melbourne's industrial working class as a gaggle of boorish, illiterate, oafs.

Yet we knew a terrible secret far more sinister than Ray Martin's wig or the little green men at Roswell. The "official" truth is that Gilles Deleuze killed himself and Felix Guattari died of "natural causes."

However, all those present at the jelly wrestling that fateful night ten years ago can testify that Deleuze and Guattari were murdered by local mechanics and consecutive darts club champions, brothers Shane and Greg Novachevski.

It transpired that Gilles and Felix, pissed as parrots as per usual, were trying to organise a threesome with Greg's girlfriend Sharon. Upon hearing Guattari inviting Sharon to go outside to check out his "desiring machine" Greg ably assisted by Shane, glassed Felix in the face with a broken stubby and stabbed Delueze in the right eye with a sawn off pool cue.
Both died almost instantly.

The two intellectuals never stood a chance against Footscray's hardest street fighters, and it's not like anyone was going to grass to the cops either, owing to the fact that worse would happen to anyone who talked, besides Shane and Greg were top mechanics, and it's not like you can just trust anyone with your VB Commodore.

Our now ex drinking mates were given concrete socks by the brothers with the severe anger management problems, and then dumped off the end of Altona pier to spend the rest of their days with rusty shopping trolleys and former Green grocers and members of the Ships, Painters and Dockers Union.

Such was the fearsome reputation of the Novachevski twins, that not even the most rabid of French journalists dared to publish the real truth behind Deleuze and Guattari's untimely demise. Hence, the popular accepted myth concocted by the shit scared pen pushers from Liberation and Le Monde, unwilling to meet the same fate as their compatriots.

Needless to say, we were all pretty shocked seeing the ghosts of Deleuze and Guattari waltz into their old drinking haunt, never mind Baudrillard, Irigaray and Virilio who usually drank at Hearts or The Belgravia.

Indefatigable as ever, Tony the barman asked the ghosts what they were drinking. Guattari ordered a Bundy and Coke, with Deleuze sticking with his usual Southern Comfort. Suddenly, Tony's familiarity disappeared quicker than an unlocked bike at Footscray baths, when he menacingly spat out; "Sorry Frenchie, but we don't serve spirits here!" Tony's joke brought the house down and immediately dissipated the nervous expectation that existed only a few moments ago. Guattari, who could never take a joke told Tony to "Get Fucked, Cunt!", but Deleuze who was always more good natured, took the joke in his stride. He was happy to be back in his old watering hole, even if he was violently killed there all because of his stupid mate who fancied himself as some sort of poncy philosopher.

Everyone in the West knew that Felix and Gilles weren't really intellectuals at all. It was common knowledge that they were both Chicken boners at Perfect poultry in Laverton.

The only time they ever got philoso-phical was when they blew all their pay on the pokies.

I tried good naturedly slap Delueze on the back to show my pleasure on seeing my mate back from the dead. Forgetting he was a ghost, my hand went straight through him and connected with Jean Baudrillard's chin, sending the post modernist flying against the bar. I never liked Baudrillard that much because his team always won the Trivia competition, and when he won the meat hamper in the Christmas raffle fundraiser, he wouldn't even give me so much as a lowly sausage.

However, I felt bad for hitting him seeing I was a peace punk and all, thanks to CRASS. To make amends I shouted him a double absinthe, and ordered two shandies for Irigaray and Virilio.

I got talking to Virilio and asked him what he was up to and why he was drinking at The Rising Sun when he usually drank at The Belgravia, where he desperately tried to pick up first year philosophy students. Virilio is about as attractive as the notion of seeing all the members of the Spartacist League in the raw. He is also incredibly boring and a plagiarist to boot. ***Everyone in the Pub's reading circle knew his book "Speed and Politics" was really about how the local branch of the A.L.P financed it's election campaign, not some jumped up wank about photon carrying waves.*** That stuff was just made up to impress the readers of "*Social Text*", and to throw the Labour party heavies and Toe cutters off his trail.

The thing I remember best about Virilio, is that he was always trying to crack onto Luce Irigaray, not that he was the only one. We'd all had a go at asking her out. I even offered to take her out to Angelino's all you can eat pizza and pasta restaurant with my half price shopper dockets, but to no avail. The general consensus in the public bar was that she must be a man hating lesbian, after all, what valid excuse could any woman have for turning down the creme de la creme of the Australian working class. After all, we were all Socialists of sorts, (that is we never reneged when it was our shout), we all had a plethora of interesting and tasteful tattoo designs and discrete body piercings, and most of us had all of our own hair and teeth.

However, most of the blokes went off Irigaray when she successfully organised the topless barmaids into a feminist conciousness raising group. Not only did the girls start wearing shirts, they stopped laughing at all our crude jokes and suggestive innuendo. I was still keen on Irigaray because she was a top pool player, and could drink anyone, bar Gilles Deleuze, under the table.

It was a Friday night, and that meant the resident band of the last 15 years was playing. "Bulldog Jihad" were huge in the Western suburbs, and I was at their most infamous gig where they supported Lubricated Goat at the "***Rock against Kennet***" benefit, where they blew the amp stacks and caused Shane Novachevski to spill his beer, thus ensuing one of the bloodiest brawls I have ever witnessed. Bulldog Jihad were a great band in their time, successfully melding the quintessential hard rock rhythm of AC/DC and Rose Tattoo with the more sublime sounds of Brian Eno and Yoko Ono. Their songs were anthemic and had something for everyone. Who could forget the time when Doug Hawkins and Ted Whitten jumped on stage to sing along to such classics as "*All power to the Workers Councils*" and "*There's no standing room left at the Western Oval*"?

I could see Gilles and Felix moshing up the front, with Gilles repeatedly gobbing on the band, just like in the old days. Gilles had always been a rabid Bulldog Jihad fan, he even liked them after they went post-rock and replaced the lead guitar with a glokenspiel. Ever since Jean Baudrillard got them the gig supporting Tortoise they got too arty and progressive for my proletarian tastes.

Their last album "*Vitesses positive et negative selon les physiciens*" alienated most of

their old fans in favour of the black skivvy brigade who read "*The Paper*" and drink short macchiato's instead of instant.

However, they were certainly kicking out the jams that night, even the old diggers who constantly grumbled about "the Japs taking over Footscray" were tapping their prosthetic legs along to the infectious groove.

What an eventful night it was turning out to be. Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, Luce Irigaray (who normally never gave me a second glance) came over and told me she had scored two tickets to the sold out TISM show that same night. "What about Deleuze and Guattari, Virilio and Baudrillard? Wouldn't they want to come too?" I asked. To my great pleasure, Luce informed me that Baudrillard had passed out in the toilets in a pool of his own vomit, Virilio had gone out to the train station to score, and Deleuze and Guattari were going cruising for rough trade in Footscray Park.

Sensing that this was all too good to be true, I reminded Irigaray that she hated TISM. After all, she did write a fierce polemic about them in the latest issue of *ART FORUM* accusing them of being "pseudo intellectual osphresiolagniacs." "Sacre blu, that was all a media spectacle just to boost their album sales" she exclaimed. "I'm actually the president of their fan club, didn't you know they wrote 'If you're creative, get stuffed' in honor of me?"

With that we made our way out onto Somerville Road, carefully avoiding the broken glass and rivulets of body fluids that covered the footpath.

We held hands for the first time, breathing in the crisp night air heavy with the acrid stench of burning rubber from the tyre factory on Geelong Road.

Happily I thought to myself, "If this is post modernity, then sign me up." I never really believed all the whingers at the pub who said the post- modernists were about as intellectually stimulating as a bucket full of arseholes. Luce confirmed my feelings when she managed to burp out almost the entire alphabet, just before we got into the cab. I never thought I'd find true love again after my wife ran off with my best mate, but somehow I knew in my heart that Luce and I were made for each other. ENDS

Next Issue - The Mystery of the Artist(s) explained. I reveal the secret identities of all the members of TISM, except for the bass player.

Travel

Capitalist Realism

Eduardo Galeano

The punishment of Tantalus is the fate that torments the poor. Condemned to hunger and thirst, they are condemned as to contemplate the delights dangled before them by advertising. As they crane their necks and reach out, those marvels are snatched away. And if they manage to catch one and hold on tight, they end up in jail or the cemetery.

Plastic delights, plastic dreams. In the paradise promised to all and reserved for a few, things are more and more important and people are less and less so. The ends have been kidnapped by the means: things buy you, cars drive you, computers program you, television watches you.

Wild Blue

The sky never grows cloudy; here it never rains. On this sea no one ever drowns; this beach is free of theft. There are no stinging jellyfish, no spiny urchins, no bothersome mosquitoes. The air and the water, climatized at a temperature that never varies, keep colds and flus at bay. The dirty depths of the port are envious of these transparent waters; this immaculate air mocks the poison that people in the city must breathe.

The ticket doesn't cost much, thirty dollars a person, although you pay extra for chairs and umbrellas. On the internet, it says: "Your children will hate you if don't take them... " Wild Blue, the Yokohama beach encased in glass, is a masterpiece of Japanese industry. The waves are as high as the motors make them. The electronic sun rises and falls when the company wishes, and the clientele is offered astonishing tropical sun rises and rosy sunsets behind swaying palms. "It is artificial," says one visitor. "That is why we like it."

A Martyr

In the fall of 1998, in the center of Buenos Aires, a distracted pedestrian got flattened by a city bus. The victim was crossing the street while talking on a cell phone. While talking? While pretending to talk: The phone was a toy.

The Great Day

They live off garbage amid garbage eating garbage in garbage houses. But once a year, the garbage collectors of Managua star in the show that draws the country' s largest crowds. "The Ben-Hur Races" were the inspiration of a businessman who came back from Miami to do his part for the "Americanization of Nicaragua."

Riding their garbage carts,

fists in the air, Managua' s garbage collectors salute the president of the country, the ambassador of the United States, and other dignitaries who grace the dais of honor. Over their everyday rags, the competitors wear broad colorful capes, and on their heads sit the plumed helmets of Roman warriors. Their dilapidated carts are freshly painted, the better to display the names of their sponsors. The skinny horses, covered with open sores like their owners and punished like their owners, are corsairs that fly to finish line for the sake of glory, or at least a case of soda.

Trumpets blare. The starting flag drops, and they' re off. Whips beat down on the bony haunches of the sorry nags, while the delirious crowd cheers: "Co-ca-Co-la! Co-ca-Co-la!"

By the Grace of God

At the end of 1993, I attended the funeral of a beautiful trade school that had existed for three years in Santiago, Chile. The students came from the poor slums of the city, kids condemned to be delinquents, beggars or whores. The school taught them trades like ironwork, carpentry and gardening; above all, it taught them to love themselves and to love what they were doing. For the first time they heard people say that they were worth something and that doing what they were learning to do was worth something.

The school depended on foreign financing. When the money ran out the teachers turned to the government. They went to the ministry and got nothing. They went to city hall and the mayor suggested, "Turn it into a business."

(Adapted from ***Upside Down: A Primer for the Looking-Glass World)*** & read ***Open Veins of Latin America***

Australians All

Australians all let us regret
we are no longer free,
we're swimming in the global
tide against the GST.

John Howard racked up the deficit,
not building knowledge nation,
imposing on the poor and Black
his mutual obligation.

Australians all let us regret
we are no longer free,
in Headland and in Woomera
we jail the refugee.

And in the war against the poor,
much to their consternation,
with highest praise for
competition provide
incentivation.

The greedy banks have come
and gone and left us with huge
fees.
Globalisation's bottom line,
continuing miseries.

The answer to the Murray's silt:
genetic manipulation.
The bottom line will suit us fine
that's global devastation.

Penny Harrington.

Dyslexics rule the world.

It might seem beyond belief
but I heard that the Yanks
bombed the Great Barrier Reef.

I asked why the Reef had to die.
They said it was a hot bed of
tourism.

John Tomlinson

GREEKS & BUDDHISTS IN AFGHANISTAN
(on the ancient East-West encounter that produced the recently destroyed Buddhist art)
http://www.slip.net/~knabb/rexroth/afghanistan.htm

The Bureau of Public Secrets website features and the Rexroth Archive (texts by and about the great writer and social critic Kenneth Rexroth).

BUREAU OF PUBLIC SECRETS
PO Box 1044, Berkeley CA 94701, USA
http://www.slip.net/~knabb
knabb@slip.net

This was written by the British syndicalist Tom Mann during World War One - he was jailed for 6 months for writing it.

Murder is Murder

OPEN LETTER TO ALL SOLDIERS

Men! Comrades! Brothers!
YOU are in the Army.
So are WE.
YOU in the Army of Destruction.
WE in the Industrial,
or army of Construction.
WE work at mine, mill, forge, factory, or dock, producing and transporting all the goods, clothing, stuffs, etc., which make it possible for people to live.
YOU ARE WORKING PEOPLE'S SONS.
When WE Fight to better OUR lot, which is the lot also or YOUR FATHERS, MOTHERS, BROTHERS, AND SISTERS,

YOU are called upon by your officers to MURDER US.
DON'T DO IT!
You know how it happens always has happened. We stand out as long as we can. Then one of our (and your) irresponsible Brothers or Sisters, angered by the sight and thought of their loved ones' misery and hunger, commits a crime on property. Immediately You are ordered to MURDER Us.
Don't You know that when You are out of the colours, and become a 'Civy' again, that YOU, like Us, may be Struggling, and You, like Us, be liable to be MURDERED by other soldiers.
BOYS, DON'T Do IT!
'THOU SHALT NOT KILL,' says the Book.
DON'T FORGET THAT!
It does not say, 'unless you have a uniform on.'
No! MURDER IS MURDER, whether committed in the heat of anger on one who has wronged a loved one, or by a soldier with a rifle.
BOYS, DON'T Do IT!
ACT THE MAN! ACT THE BROTHER! ACT THE HUMAN BEING!
Property can be replaced! Human life, never. The Idle Rich Class, who own and order you about, own and order us about also. They and their friends own the land and means of life of the Earth.
YOU DON'T. WE DON'T.
When WE kick, They order YOU to MURDER US. When You kick. You get court-martialled and cells. YOUR fight is OUR fight. Instead of fighting AGAINST each other, WE should be fighting WITH each other.
Out of OUR loins, OUR lives, OUR HOMES, You came.
Don't disgrace YOUR PARENTS, YOUR CLASS, by being the willing tools any longer of the MASTER CLASS.
You, like Us, are of the SLAVE CLASS. When WE rise, YOU rise, when WE fall, even by your bullets. You fall also.
The Earth, with its fertile valleys and rolling hills, its mineral resources, its seas, is the heritage of ages to us.
YOU no doubt joined the Army out of poverty.
WE work long hours for small wages at hard work, because of OUR poverty. And both YOUR poverty and OURS arises from the fact that the Earth with its resources belongs to only a few people.
These few, owning the Earth, own OUR jobs.
Owning OUR jobs, they own OUR very LIVES.
Comrades, have WE called in vain? Think things out and refuse any longer to MURDER YOUR SISTERS AND BROTHERS. Help Us to win back the WORLD for the WORKERS and the POOR.

www.iww.org
Capitalism is the war of each against all.

The Dishwasher

Jim Seymour. Philadelphia IWW poet & Dishdog

Alone in the kitchen,
in grease-laden stream,
I pause for a moment,
a moment to dream,
For even a dishwasher
thinks of a day
Wherein will be leisure
for rest and for play;
And now that I pause
o'er the transom there floats
A stream of the Traumerei's
soul-stirring notes,
Engulft in a blending
of sorrow and glee
I wonder that music
can reach even me.

For now I am thinking,
my brain has been stirred
The voice of the master
the lowly has heard,
The heart-breaking sob
of the sad violin
Arouses the thoughts
of the sweet "might have been"
Had men been born equal
the use of the brain
Would shield them from poverty
free them from pain,
Nor would I have sunk
in the black social mire
Because of poor judgement
in choosing a sire.

But now I am only
a slave of the mill
That piles and remodels me
just as it will,
That makes me a dullard
in brain-burning heat
That looks at rich viands
not daring to eat;
That lives with its red,
blistered hands ever struck
Down deep in the foul
indescribable muck
Where dishes are plunged,
seventeen at a time,
And wash! –
in a tubful of sickening slime!

But on with the clatter,
no more must I shirk
The world is to me
but a nightmare of work;
For me not the music
of laughter and song,
No toiler is welcomed
amid the gay throng;
For me not the smiles
of the ladies who dine,
No warm,clinging kisses
begotten of wine;
For me but the venting
of low, sweated groans
That twelve hours a night
have installed in my bones.

The music has ceased,
but the havoc it wrought

Within the poor brain
it awakened to thought
Shall cease not at all,
but continue to spread,
Till all of my fellows
are thinking or dead.
The havoc it wrought ?
'Twill be havoc to those
Whose joys would be nil
were it not for my woes.
Keep on with your gorging,
your laughter and jest,
But never forget
that the last laugh is best.

You leeches who live
on the fat of the land,
You overfed parasites,
look at my hand;
You laugh at it now,
it is blistered and coarse,
But such are the hands
that have furnished your drink,
The hands of the slaves
who are learning to think,
And hands that have fed you
can crush you as well
And cast your damned carcasses
clear into hell!

Go on with your arrogance
born of your gold,
As now are your hearts
Will your bodies be cold;
Go on with your airs,
you creators of hates,
Eat well, while the dishwasher
spits on the plates;
But while at your feast
let the orchestra play
The life giving strains
of the dear Marsellaise
That red revolution
be placed at the throne
Till those produce
have come into their own.

But scorn me tonight,
on the morn you shall learn
That those who you loathe
can despise you in turn,
The dishwasher vows that
his fellows shall know
That only their ignorance
keeps them below.
Your music was potent
your music has charms,
It hardened the muscles
that strengthen my arms
It painted a vision of freedom,
of life –
Tomorrow I strive
for an ending of strife.

REHUMANIZE YOURSELF

By Sammy Fantroy Jr
Albany NY

Humped all day to get my pay
Making someone else rich
C'est de la foutaise
Put my hands in the air made my getaway
When I rehumanized myself
Rehumanize yourself, rehumanize yourself
Before you can move to the next higher plane
You must rehumanize yourself.

Money ain't the root of the evil we see
It's power for salvation is morology
Life and liberty will always be free
When you rehumanize yourself
Rehumanize yourself reehumanise yourself
Before you can move to the next higher plane
You must rehumanize yourself.

Put not your faith in princes and kings
Galumping along like a bunch of lemmings
The road to Nirvana can only begin
When you rehumanize yourself
Rehumanize yourself, rehumanize yourself
Before you can move to the next higher plane
You must rehumanize yourself.

Mother Nature's laws cannot be dodged
All rules of the road have already been lodged
You will find any cathexis is just a mirage
When you rehumanize yourself
Rehumanize yourself, rehumanize yourself.
Before you can move to the next higher plane
You must rehumanize yourself.

Excerpt from the 'book in progress' – **'R-U-Hip' : Dissertations of Applied Philosophy.**

Music

Gig Review –

Labradford - At the Punters Club

A cruel practical joke was played on me a few weeks ago. Some of my "mates" from the headbanger scene informed me that a metal/industrial crossover band who all worked at Ford's River Rouge stamping plant in Detroit were playing in town, and that I should check them out. I was very excited seeing such rock 'n' roll luminaries such as "The Stooges", "Kiss" and "Alice Cooper", all hailed from the Motor City.
I quickly changed from my blood spattered uniform into attire more fitting for a night of metal mayhem.

Resplendent in my "Team Satan - 666" T-Shirt, ripped black jeans and combat boots, I strutted down Brunswick St, gleefully envisioning the carnage that would take place on the eve of the World Wide Communist revolution with unlimited pleasure it's only aim. As I passed a group of black clad, sneering trendies smoking "Peter Stuyvesant" cigarettes and discussing Felix Guattari, I cheerfully imagined their limp bodies hanging from the lamp posts, strung up with their own entrails. This made me almost as happy as the thought of worker's militias comprised of resident's from the Housing Commission Tower blocks, torching and looting trendy Cafes and Pubs, summarily executing all those found to be wearing "Camper" shoes, and turning Polyester books into a free store, not before destroying all the sexist material. (Sparing the Betty Page calendars, of course.)

Upon entering "The Punters", I knew I'd been had. I should have listened have listened to Rod, one of the orderlies at work who used to be a barman there and who incidentally, has the best collection of tattoo's this side of Fullham Correctional Facility. Ranging from the compulsorary blue bird on the neck, to his blood type stenciled to his chest, I've always had a soft spot for old school tatt's,never liking the black work/tribal designs that spread like a rash in the nineties. Anyway, Rod told me the place had gone to the dogs, and we should go and check out the Jelly wrestling at "The Rising Sun" in West Footscray.

I wish I had of taken Rod up on his offer when I surveyed the talent in the pub. First of all, everyone was sitting on the floor "analysing" the music.

Secondly, the beer came in plastic pots, so I was fucked if I got into a fight with the bouncers and tried to glass them. Thirdly, having always considered myself to be politically correct type and resolutely opposed to sexism, lookism, shapeism etc, I still couldn't get over the fact how ugly the crowd was. Not that we headbangers are all oil paintings, but at least we try to make an effort with our hairspray and carefully ironed stretch jeans. I mean it looked like no one cared about 10,000 years of fashion history, or maybe it was some sort of subversive culture jam, but either way, it wasn't pretty. Give me the Piano bar of "The Prince of Wales" 10 years ago, any day. The crowd looked like delegates to the annual trainspotters and slot car convention. Everyone had lank, greasy hair, wore coke bottle glasses and biege opp shop parka's. I was really incensed as I finally realised it was this subculture who pushed up the prices of opp shop clothes, thus depriving working class families of cheap clothing.

Bucking convention, I was the only person standing as the first act "Pan American" started up. I was bitterly disappointed, expecting to see long hair, 10 foot Marshall stacks and thrashed Gibson Flying V guitars. Instead I had the pleasure of seeing heaps of computers, samplers,keyboards and a clean cut fellow making the kind of ambient music they used to play at the court ordered anger management sessions I used to attend. The sounds created were very soothing and interesting, but I felt a bit crook in the guts having mixed too many stubbies with my spaghetti matriciana I had for tea. I couldn't but help let a few go, which parted the dance floor quicker than the Tuesday morning police baton charge at S11. I felt like a demon had set up shop in the depths of my bowel as I made a bee line to the gents. It was great reading all the graffiti in the cubicle, my favourite being this gem, "ERADICATE YOUR PARENTS FROM YOUR CHILDHOOD". A close second was "STU SPASM WOZ ERE", Stu of course being the lead singer of the sadly missed "Lubricated Goat", who's song "I can't believe we're really making love", has to be some of the sexiest sounds ever created.

Re entering the band room, feeling much relieved, I stumbled into the spectacle of "International Karate". Keeping up with the theme of the night, they went for the pasty faced,pocket protector wearing, poindexter

look. They sounded good in parts,(imagine if Ian Curtis hadn't killed himself and Joy Division relocated to Nashville.) Thanks to the Rohypnol I necked in the dunnies, the crowd was looking much better, although still very introverted and self absorbed. I've seen dead bodies at work rock out harder than these serious young inner city aesthetes. Why is it they always look at you as if you've asked them to donate their left kidney to the Al-Queda network, when you merely ask them if they are enjoying the music? O.K, you always run the risk of being bashed unconcious when you go to rough pubs, but at least most people are unpretentious and friendly. However at the Punters and other hang outs of this ilk, most patrons treat you as if you have just shat your pants (which in my case, I had justy narrowly avoided doing.) For my hard earned money, the Pony Bar is easily the worst offender in this category. I am currently plotting with my radical therapy group cell, to kidnap the Pony's patrons en masse and deliver them into the welcome arms of the patrons at the 21st Century Dance Club in Frankston, one hour before closing time. At least here they will really have a chance to suffer for their art.

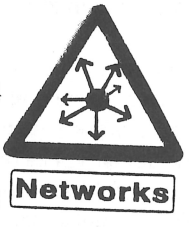
Just before Labradford set up, I was cheered up to no end by the bus boy who had to negotiate stepping over all those sitting down in order to collect empty glasses and bottles. i.e do his job. As a shop steward and occupational health and safety representative at work, I could easily see this was a serious safety risk and I would have slapped a PIN notice on the place quicker than you could say, "inner city warehouse living opportunity."
The bus boy solved his problem by mistakenly crushing the hands of those rude enough to stop a member of the international working class from doing his job with his enormous "Getta Grip" boots usually favoured by aggro skinheads.

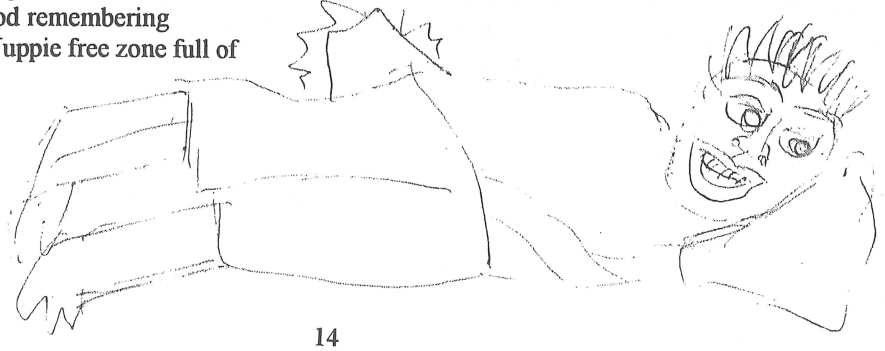
Labradford were actually pretty good. As a serious journalist, I would describe their sound as being "quintessentially anti fascist", in the sense that their music was an aural flood which destroys the self containing walls of rigidity and conformity that characterise everyday life under capitalism.
I felt very relaxed as I let the sensory assault invade the fibres of my being. My ego was dissolved as I regressed back into childhood remembering when Chapel Street was a Yuppie free zone full of Greek Barbers and Factories, when North Melbourne still played at Arden Street,and when you could still get beer in steel cans. Despite the interruptions by poseurs name dropping obscure New Zealand bands who they just heard of last week (You know who you are!), a good time was had by all.
Except for some raver types who were expecting to get inter stellar to a 250 b.p.m barrage of white noise, only to waste all their crank on "chill out room music." I took the night all in my giant stride. So what if Labradford didn't sound like Extreme Noise Terror? I had been exposed to new and challenging music which I now knew to avoid at all costs.

I went to the toilet to clean up as I smelt worse than the Tropical diseases ward at work, otherwise no cab driver would take me home despite the massive fare I had to pay for choosing to flee the inner city in favour of the burbs. As always, the cab ride home was the most intellectually stimulating part of the evening. We talked about how B.J.P fundamentalists had successfully disrupted filming the third and final part of the trilogy of films made by Indian Film maker,D.Mehta. My cab driver who was from Calcutta, also informed me that Kerala state was communist in name only,that the region was a powder keg waiting to go up, and that Australia would get it's arse kicked next time we play them in cricket.

So there you go folks. I'll see you all at the new Country Road store where the Punters once stood. Maybe we can formulate a new type of bomb that eliminates yuppies from once proud working class suburbs, but leaves their Prada bags and immaculately restored Karmann Ghia's intact ready to be collectivised.

Take care, Love Tall Paul
email: melbogans@hotmail.com





A 257 Part Series

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE AUSTRALIAN FILM INDUSTRY?

Part 15 : Filmmakers Hate Poor People

Catering to Class?

An opinion on high art and film elitism– Paul McCartan

Opinions expressed in this article are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect those of scopofile

Is it possible to discuss such ideologically loaded terms such as "Class", "Art" and "Culture" without boring the audience to tears? Probably not. But in an effort to tread the thin line between poseur and whinger, I will attempt to discuss how isolated the arts scene can sometimes be from the lives of average working class people.

First of all, working class people are not all like the caricatures portrayed in films. We don't have a predisposition toward domestic violence, drug abuse, or funny accents. That's like stating that Melbourne's entire film scene smokes only Peter Stuyvesant cigarettes and works in multimedia. But you still don't see too many seamstresses at the Melbourne International Film Festival. With sponsors from the high end of town we know what market the promoters are targeting. And it's not the working class.

Imagine going to under-funded schools, which prepare you for exciting and challenging careers such as those of kitchen hands and process workers. What's the use of learning about philosophy, painting and the French new wave when you're just destined to be factory fodder, dead at 55, your lungs and arteries clogged, released from the shit existence some call life? Unpleasant thoughts, ones that perhaps don't mingle with those of elegant preview screenings. But have distributors ever thought to invite anyone to "the scene" who is not strictly "white collar"? Shouldn't they attempt to reach a wider audience, people who are the studied subjects of independent film?

I sometimes wonder if it's compulsory to be condescending towards those outside the arts fraternity. I fantasize about going to an "industry" night covered in blood from work and saying, "I probably killed that cow you just ate, yet you won't stoop to discuss censorship issues with me." Sound puerile? Try listening to the rubbish the so-called "intelligentsia" come up with to out-do each other.

Though it's fashionable to slag off communism in favour of post-modernism (whose most famous founder was an ardent Nazi), at least the old Communist Party of Australia initiated many working class artistic initiatives: the film production unit within the ex Waterside Workers Federation; the Builder's Labourers Federation sponsoring those Diego Riviera type murals around town.

Even though I might sound like a cultural Pol Pot, all I ask for is a bit more openness and less snobbishness in the arts scene. In an effort to open the dialogue between Melbourne's industrial working class and its artistic community, I'm inviting all artistically minded people to come down to the Derrimut Hotel in Sunshine for Happy hour to have a frank and forthright discussion on "Art and its relation to everyday life." I propose the first discussion be centered around Rainer Fassbinder's 8 hour rendition of "Berlin Alexanderplatz" and whether this is a faithful rendition of Doblin's book. I know it's going to be a riot. See you there.

Scopofile

To hear them go on, you'd think Australian filmmakers were the most destitute creatures on the planet. Nary a day passes without some auteur bleating about how they're "living beneath the poverty line", or "starving", or being "unable to live" - and yes, some don't have much money. But it's not real poverty, it's pretend poverty, the "ooh-I-might-give-up-my-job-as-a-bond-dealer-to-follow-my-dream" poverty, with its easy, woosy career escape hatch and parental support systems. There are really poor people in Australia, only Australian filmmakers hate them. Well, it's ruining our industry.

How? I'll tell you.

Now this hate isn't all-consuming and obsessive, like the way Ian Chappell felt about Kim Hughes. It's the hate of disdain and contempt. In Australian films, poor Australia is always a place to flee (*Muriel's Wedding*), barely survive (*Priscilla*), drive you to robbery (*Idiot Box*) or worse (*The Boys*). Poor Australia is shown to breed Neo-Nazis, contract killers, and ballroom dancing administrators with no vision. Poor Australians are the new ignoble savages, and like Hollywood with the Indians, Australian filmmakers can't get enough of patronising them.

It's no wonder, really, when you hear filmmakers talk about poor people: the references to "places like Blacktown", "out there in the suburbs", "you can't get a decent coffee west of Leichardt". Those ignorant and evil people who do things like watch Channel 9, don't have Email, and looked forward to the Olympics. Well, they also don't go see 90 of local films - and who could blame them?

There are some Australian films like *The Castle* and *The Wogboy* which show that poor people are maybe OK and even happy, despite living away from the inner city. However these remain in a minority with filmmakers preferring to portray poor Australia as punishment.

Filmmakers who make films hating poor people always use the defence of "I'm telling it like it is." When what they're really doing is telling it like they see it, which means in a contemptuous, patronising way. "Oh, those poor things, you don't have my advantage". It's a way of purging guilt and re-affirming superiority at the same time. And the solutions! "They need to be better educated". Ever notice how any solution for the inner city elite always seems to involve giving more money to themselves? Without ever thinking that this idiot public are the ones who grow the wheat or beat the panels to pay taxes that provide industries for inner city darlings to give services to.

"In Australian films, poor Australia is always a place to flee (*Muriel's Wedding*), barely survive (*Priscilla*), drive you to robbery (*Idiot Box*) or worse (*The Boys*). Poor Australia is shown to breed Neo-Nazis, contract killers, and ballroom dancing administrators with no vision. Poor Australians are the new ignoble savages, and like Hollywood with the Indians, Australian filmmakers can't get enough of patronising them."

What makes it worse is that there's no larger group of Chardonnay socialists who lay claim to working class backgrounds than Australian filmmakers. They live in former working class suburbs, crap on about their days of hard labour when they stacked cardboard boxes part time at uni - but when push comes to shove consider poor people as beings from another planet where the rent is cheaper.

Why does this hatred of poor people matter? Because it turns poor people off Australian film, bores audiences, and takes up budget dollars that could be spent telling stories with some objectivity, accuracy and entertainment value.

Look, I'm not glamorising the poor. Yes, they do smell and talk funny - but who doesn't? They deserve to be observed with a clear eye. Filmmakers don't have problems showing inner city wankers warts and all - why can't they do the same with poor people? Because they don't come from that world, that's why. Only middle class people ever want to be filmmakers.

What can we do about it? We can start by restricting filmmakers who can make films about poverty to those who (a) are genuinely poor themselves (i.e. they've invested in their own film), or (b) have actually done some decent research. And we can also force wanky Australian "I'm holding up a mirror to our divided society" auteurs to have one of those screenings and post-film discussions with a bunch of Cabramatta gang members. Then maybe we'll have a film industry to be proud of again!

Reg Diplock - The People's Critic ◆

FILMINK

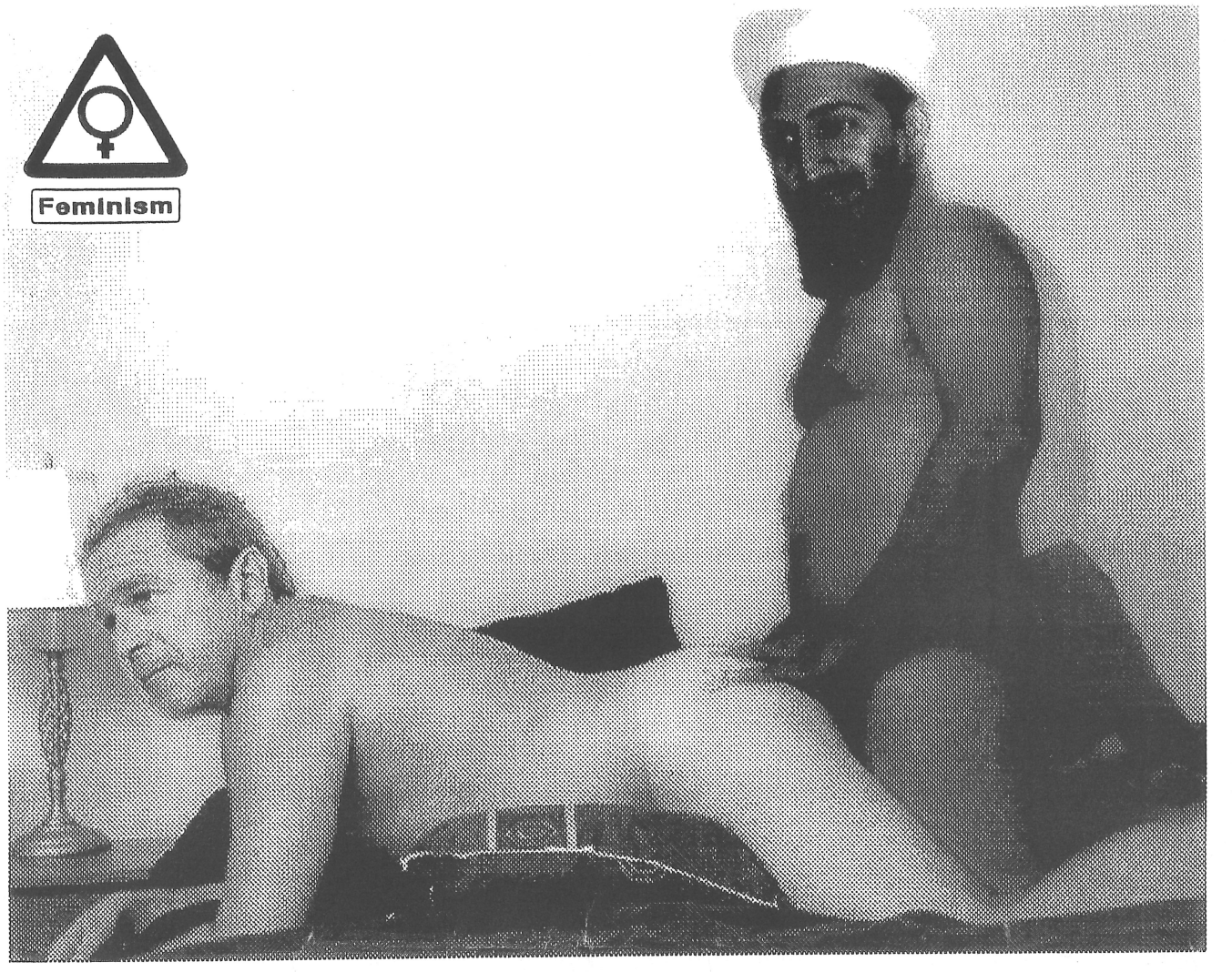
ECO DEPTH GAUGE

How deep is your ecology? Take a sounding.

Ecology

Go down until you disagree, then go back up one level.

Superficial	We should take good care of our planet, as we would any valuable tool.
Shallow	We have a responsibility to protect Earth's resources for our future generations.
Knee deep	Earth would benefit from changes in human activity.
Hip deep	The planet would be better off with fewer people on it.
Deep	Wilderness has a right to exist for its own sake.
Deeper	Wildlife has more right to live on the Earth than humans do.
Profoundly Deep	Humans are too great a threat to life on Earth. The species should be phased out
Radically Deep	Human extinction *now* or there won't *be* any later for this planet. A painless extermination is needed.
Abysmally Deep	A quick annihilation is too good for humans. A horrible, fatal illness from outer space is only fair.



GOD DAMN THE TALIBAN & THE KU KLUX KLAN !

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